

A Little Death Swap Never Hurt Nobody

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A Little Death Swap Never Hurt Nobody

by [AaronAmpora](#)

Summary

During a round of Death Swap, Dream gets a little bored and decides to spice things up.

Notes

Disclaimer: All characters depicted in this story are fictional personas, not real people.

Please do not ship real people, it's weird.

(also, if any of the Dream Team find this: I'm so fucking sorry, or your welcome, depends how you feel after reading this)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream grinned lasciviously down at his captive, George was tied up nice and pretty for him, just as he'd planned. The brunette's back was against a large dark oak, his arms pinned to his sides and his knees hiked up to his chest, with a single block of planks supporting his ass so the ropes weren't taking all his weight.

They were playing Death swap, but honestly Dream had gotten a bit bored and decided to spice the game up a bit. He'd created a trap for George, but rather than killing or even hurting him, it just left him tied up and vulnerable. Dream had also used an enderpearl at the last moment before swap to ensure he was near-by, after all, what fun was a gift-wrapped George if there was no one around to open him up?

"Dream, seriously. What the heck?!" George squirmed against the leads and Dream's grin only got wider.

"Well, Georgie... I got a bit bored and decided I wanted to play something else..." The tone in the blonde's voice had George tensing against the ropes, his eyes narrowing under his sunglasses. "I call it, can I get George to cum in under 5 minutes?" His previously narrowed eyes widened and his cheeks flushed as Dream's grin sharpened.

"What the- Dream, really?! Now?" The blonde only chuckled.

"I'm not hearing a no George~" The brunette let out a shaky sigh, glancing down at himself, then back up at Dream and his sharp, toothy smile. He huffed.

"Yeah, alright. Go ahead." The mask-wearing blonde let out a crowing 'yes' before he surged forward, his lips crashing against the brunette's. George couldn't help the small moan that slipped into the kiss as Dream's lips moved against his own, feeling the larger man's hands land on his hips, only to immediately slide under his shirt. He shivered as the calloused palms smoothed over his stomach and up to his chest, his body rolling with the movement as best it could.

He felt his bottom lip caught between pointed teeth and gasped, letting loose another moan as Dream's tongue invaded his mouth, pressing against his own and dominating the kiss. The hands suddenly left his chest and a disappointed moan escaped his lips, followed quickly by a gasp as he felt his pants being yanked from his hips, his underwear going with them. His body jerked at the rough motion and George let out a small whimper, Dream wasn't usually so rough with him.

"Sorry babe, but we are in a bit of a hurry." Dream pulled back from the kiss, his voice already rough with arousal, and the sound made George shiver.

"I-It's fine." The brunette's breath hitched when he suddenly felt a slick finger pressing against his hole. Dream really was in a rush, wasn't he? George groaned softly as it slipped in, feeling his muscles relaxing at the familiar feeling. He supposed it made sense, since they had less than 5 minutes before the next swap, and apparently Dream was determined to make him cum in that time.

All too soon a second finger wormed its way in beside the first and George couldn't help the whine that slipped from his mouth at the slight sting.

"Dream..." The blonde gently shushed him, and George whimpered as pointed teeth tugged the lobe of his ear before scraping down the column of his neck. The fingers inside him curled and spread, stretching him almost painfully, and the brunette let out another pathetic noise, feeling his cock give a twitch at the sensation. He suddenly noticed that he was aching hard, his dick trapped between their bodies and probably leaving a mess on his shirt.

A startled yelp left George's lips as Dream pressed a third finger past the ring of muscles, spreading it wider and sending a small jolt of pain through his ass.

"Dream! That hurts..." The brunette whined.

"Sorry babe, but I don't think you really want me going in without doing this..." George knew he was right, so he bit his lip and tried to force his muscles to relax, taking deep breaths as he did so.

"There you go... Good boy." Dream cooed as he thrust his fingers in deeper, the brunette moaning softly as the other's lips pressed against his throat, then latched on, sucking a quick hickey into the pale skin. Pressing his fingers in deep, Dream suddenly spread the digits and George arched against the tree, the moan that burst from his throat was high-pitched and sounded slightly pained as it tapered off. The blonde shushed him once again, breathing against the brunette's neck.

"Just relax George... You can take it..." Dream's tone was gentle, but George could feel the vicious grin on the blonde's face where it pressed against his neck, his body trembling as he tried desperately to relax around the fingers spreading him open. Finally, the fingers relaxed and George sagged against the rough bark, panting and shaking, his ass already felt sore, and he groaned softly at the thought of how it would feel once Dream was done with him. The digits slowly slipped from his hole and he felt it give a twitch, a small, weak moan falling from his lips.

"God, you already sound wrecked..." Dream sounded far too pleased with himself, and George let out a huff.

"Well you're going a lot faster and being a lot rougher than usual..." The brunette stuck out his bottom lip in a pout and he felt more than heard the blonde chuckle.

"I don't hear any complaining..." Dream was still chuckling, his tone teasing, but George heard the underlying, unspoken question, 'are you ok with that?'. It was Dream's way of checking in on him and George felt a swell of affection for the masked man.

"No, I suppose you don't..." George smiled slightly, despite fighting to keep the pout on his face and he heard another chuckle, though this one was a bit darker than before and the smaller man felt his smile fall into a look of concern.

"Good." Dream practically growled the word and in one swift movement, he buried himself to the hilt in George's ass. The brunette's eyes flew open and he tossed his head back, mouth open in a silent scream as he was impaled, the sensation so intense, he couldn't tell if it was pain, pleasure, or both that ripped through him.

Dream didn't give him more than a moment before the blonde started to thrust, rolling his hips back, then slamming them forward, jostling the smaller man against the tree with each slap of skin against skin.

George let his head fall forward as he choked out a moan, gasping as each thrust rocked his body and sent electric shocks up his core.

He'd never been this turned on.

Dream was ravaging him in a way he never had before, George could feel the blonde's fingers digging into his hips, no doubt leaving bruises for later, and he loved it. The burn, the stretch, the friction, all seemed to pool in his gut, roiling there and sending overstimulated tears to his eyes and he bucked his hips, simultaneously trying to get more, and shying away.

A startled moan escaped the brunette as he suddenly felt his dick wrapped in warm, wet pressure, a bolt of pure pleasure hitting him straight in the stomach and turning all of the tense, surging sensations to white hot burning, coiling together and pulling taught. George gave a sharp gasp as the feeling settled into something familiar, the heated coil now a building orgasm. He was so close already.

"D-Dream!" George barely managed to get the single word out, but his partner understood, grunting against the brunette's neck.

"Fuck, yeah, me too."

Both men were so lost in their pleasure, that they never noticed their communicators buzzing, sending out a warning.

Swapping in 10 seconds!

Swapping in 9 seconds!

Swapping in 8 seconds!

Dream shifted his hips and suddenly his cock was slamming against George's prostate, the brunette screamed as his vision went white.

Swapping in 7 seconds!

Swapping in 6 seconds!

Swapping in 5 seconds!

His cock twitched with each thrust, he was seconds from cumming, the white hot coil in his gut only growing hotter, coiling tighter.

Swapping in 4 seconds!

Swapping in 3 seconds!

Swapping in 2 seconds!

Swapping in 1 second!

Suddenly, the world around them shifted. George gasped as the familiar feeling of vertigo gripped his head, sending it spinning as the world swapped them. When everything settled, he quickly cleared his head, hearing Dream groaning in pain, and gasping as he realized what had happened. Dream was now where George had been, tied to the tree, his arms bound and legs spread, and George's cock was now buried deep in his ass.

"Oh no... Dream, are you okay?" George didn't dare move other than to bring a gentle hand up to the mask-clad face, cupping a pale cheek.

"Ugh, yeah, I'm fine, just... Ow... Was not expecting a sudden dick in my ass." George couldn't help a small snort of laughter escaping at that, biting his lip to stifle a smile as Dream gave him a playful glare.

"Well, do you need me to pull out, or can I have a little fun? I don't know about you, but I was seconds away from cumming before the swap." George asked, and Dream let out another groan.

"Give it a test and we'll see..." With a quick nod, George brought his hands down to Dream's hips, gripping them lightly before he slowly, carefully started to pull his hips back, watching what he could see of Dream's face for any sign he wanted to stop. The blonde winced slightly at the first drag of skin, but luckily George's cock was still covered in lube from when Dream had been

stroking it earlier, and it eased the process considerably. He still felt the sting of the incredibly sudden stretch, but he was still rock hard, and so was George. Dream gave a small nod.

"Uh, yeah, I should be fine. Go for it." At that, George grinned, gripping the other's hips tighter, before pulling most of the way out, just leaving the head in, then slamming his hips forward. He heard Dream cry out, and felt the muscles gripping his cock tighten, forcing a breathy curse from his lips as he started up a reckless, break-neck pace. He could still feel that white hot coil, and while it had relaxed a bit during their little break, he still felt only moments from orgasm, especially now with his cock fucking into a tight, wet, heat. His ass felt a bit empty, and he could feel his hole clenching around nothing, but he wasn't about to stop and untie Dream, not when he was so damn close.

George was so caught up in his own pleasure, he almost forgot about Dream's, but a hissed plea from his boyfriend reminded him, and the brunette quickly released the blonde's left hip and used his now free hand to wrap around the other's twitching, dripping cock. The shout that left Dream's lips the moment his hand connected with the other's dick was incredible, George always loved being able to pull those sorts of sounds from his generally dominant partner.

Suddenly, a hoarse cry that sounded somewhat like George's name left Dream's lips, and the blonde convulsed, his body tensing and his cock twitching as it splattered hot, sticky cum all over his hoodie, waves of pleasure crashing against him. The sudden clenching of the walls pressing against George's dick finally caused the coil to snap, and he gave a high-pitch, relieved moan as his hips surged forward against Dream's, feeling his cock twitch as it emptied inside the gasping blonde's ass.

As they slowly came down from their respective highs, the two were left panting, trembling, sweaty, and basking in the afterglow. George's legs felt like jelly, and he slowly pulled out so he could collapse against the planks holding Dream up. He giggled lightly as he leaned in, pressing a quick, chaste kiss to the smiling mask, pulling a tired chuckle from the blonde.

"Well that was fun." George announced, slumping against his still-bound boyfriend.

"Yeah, but we should get out of here before the next swap. I'm tired and would love to get home and cuddle up in bed." Dream really did sound exhausted, and George nodded at the other's suggestion, then heaved a sigh.

"I suppose that means I need to untie you?" He asked, a small smirk playing at his lips.

"If it's not too much of a hassle." Dream replied, chuckling lightly. George heaved a melodramatic sigh before slowly getting to his feet, prompting another light-hearted titter from the bound blonde. The brunette pulled his pants and briefs back up, redoing the fly to ensure they stayed where they needed to be, before pulling out the iron sword he'd made earlier and cutting through the leads with a quick swipe. Dream's legs flopped down against the planks and he winced, letting out a small groan of 'ow'. George could tell he wasn't really hurt, just probably a bit sore, something the

brunette could certainly relate to, so he just gave a small giggle.

"Come on you big baby. Let's go home." He offered a hand to help the other stand, and it was gratefully accepted. George pulled Dream to his feet, then helped the blonde to re-secure his own pants, letting out a small snicker as the taller man inspected his dirtied hoodie with dismay.

"Oh gross... That is going to take forever to wash out..." George just shook his head at the other's whining and opened up the command panel, a few keys pressed and a swirling, sparkling, portal opened up in front of them. The duo immediately staggered through, neither one particularly stable on their feet and eager to get home, though both had matching grins plastered across their faces.

End Notes

I have a tumblr blog - <https://aaronampora-ao3.tumblr.com/>

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